THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 21. Whole No. 73.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Second street.

DR. ROBERTSON'S

GENUINE PATENT

AND

Family Medicines.

Which are celebrated for the cure of most diseases to which the human body is liable,

PREPARED ONLY BY THE SOLE PROPRIETOR

T. W. DYOTT, M.D.

Grandson of the late Dr. Robertson of Edinburgh.

TO BE HAD

Wholesale and retail, at the proprietor's

Medical Dispensary,

NO. 116,

North Second-street, second door above Race-street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Dr. Robertson's

Celebrated Stomachic

Elixir of Health.

PRICE D.1 50.

Which has proved by thousands, who have experienced its beneficial effects, to be the most valuable medicine ever offered to the public, for speedily relieving and curing the cramp, pains, and wind in the stomach & bowels, carrying off superfluous bile, removing habitual costiveness, sickness at stomach, severe head-ache, &c.

For the dysentery or flux, cholera morbus, severe gripings, and other diseases of the bowels, and the summer bowel complaint in children, it has proved a certain remedy, and restored to perfect health from the greatest debility.

Persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints, or disorders of the breast and lungs, even in the most advanced state will find immediate relief.

Common coughs & colds, which are generally occasioned by obstructed perspiration, will be found to yield to its benign influence in a few hours.

In asthmatic or consumptive complaints, hoarseness, wheesings, shortness of breath, and the whooping cough, it will give immediate relief.

Dr. Robertson's

Vegetable Nervous Cordial, or

NATURE's

Grand Restorative.

PRICE D. 1 50.

It is confidently recommended as the most efficacious medicine, for the speedy relief and cure of all nervous complaints, impurities of the blood, seminal weakness, and various complaints resulting from dissipated pleasures, residence in warm climates, the immoderate use of tea, the unskilful or excessive use of mercury, and the diseases peculiar to females at a certain period of life.

Under the denomination of nervous disorders, in its full extent, are included several diseases of the most dangerous kind, and are so various, that a volume would hardly suffice to complete a description of them. It pervades with its baleful influence the whole nervous system, writhing the heart with inexpressible anguish, and exciting the most dreadful suggestions of horror & despair. To this demon have thousands fallen a sacrifice, in the direful transports of its rage.

The most common symptoms at its commencement are, weakness, flatulence, palpitations, watchfulness, drowsiness after eating, flashes of heat and cold, numbness, cramp, giddiness, pains in the head, back and loins, hickup, difficulty of respiration & deglutition, anxiety, dry cough, &c.

Dr. Robertson's

Patent Stomachic

Wine Bitters.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

These celebrated and well known Bitters, are composed purely of vegetables of the most innocent yet specific virtues, and are particularly recommended for restoring weak constitutions, cleansing and strengthening the stomach, and encreasing the appetite; they expel worms in all ages, but from their simplicity & safety, are a most natural and effectual vermifuge, when administered to children; they are gratefully warm, and pungently aromatic; they are extremely serviceable in all seasons, but particularly so on the approach of warm weather, when bilious habits experience such total loss of appetite; they are also a certain preventative against those complaints so common in the spring and fall seasons, such as intermittent fevers and agues, long autumnal fevers, dysenteries, &c.

Dr. Robertson's

CELEBRATED

Gout and rheumatic

DROPS,

PRICE TWO DOLLARS.

A safe and effectual cure for the gout, rheumatism, lumbago, stone and gravel, gleet, swellings and weakness of the joints, sprains, bruises, and all kinds of green wounds——the cramp, pains in the head, face and body, stiffness of the neck, chilblains, frozen limbs, &c.

Since the above invaluable medicines were first discovered by Dr. Robertson, upwards of SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS have experienced their happy & salutary effects, many of whom from the greatest debility.

As the certificates attested, by many respectable persons are too numerous for this paper, the proprietor requests the reader to peruse the pamphlet accompanying the medicines, which may be had gratis, at the places of sale.

Take Notice

That none are genuine without the signature of

T. W. Dyott, M. D.

July 5

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5.

The Solomons in our Common Council have recently given the victuallers a practical proof of the attachment to equal rights, by compelling them to remove the boxes in which they lock up their scales, weights, &c. under a pretext that they obstruct the circulation of *fresh air*. This frivolous excuse for compelling the victuallers to incur an unnecessary expence, was so obnoxious, that Johnny Armstrong, Alek Rams-eye, double-flint-headed Jemmy Ker, and *modest* Jack Catfish Miller, our incomparable city commissioners, blushed at enforcing it, and sent some of the Solomons to do their own dirty work. Miller is deterred from fishing in Schuylkill, by his apprehensions of the victuallers conferring a ducking upon him; and is now engaged in writing '*an elegy upon the death of a little Catfish.*'

We ask the Solomons if it is just that the victuallers should pay heavy rents for their stalls, whilst the Germantown hucksters, who are a nuisance to our market, levy their taxes upon our citizens, rent free, & continually occupy the stalls set apart for the use of real cultivstars of the soil?

John Goodman, Esq. ex-assemblyman, one of the county *just-asses*, and possessor of the miraculous vinegar casks, which in less than a fortnight convert limpid water into an excellent and pungent acid, some time since had one of his sons baptized, '*Nathaniel B. Boileau* Goodman,' in honor of the wonderful secretary of the commonwealth——wonder whether Johnny will not very soon be appointed one of the ass-ociate judges of the county court?

There never was a set of men so completely sick of their bargain, as a large majority of the democrats in this part of the state, are of Simon Snyder. They say M'Kean was a good democrat when compared to this man. They make no secret of their determination to oppose his nomination as their candidate at the next period. Dr. Leib and Isaac Weaver of the state senate, are each spoken of as his successor: we cannot say which of the two will be preferred, but we think it most likely that the anti-Snyderite democrats will ultimately unite in one man, as they all say they would support *any* man in preference to Simon Snyder.

Some ancient savage nations are said to have met together on a large plain, and chose the *tallest* man present as their governor——our Pennsylvania democrats are said to be desirous of imitating them, by choosing Isaac Weaver, who is said to be the tallest man in the state, as their governor.

The democrats of the old school as they call themselves, say, that if Snyder should by dint of intrigue and gubernatorial bribery, get himself placed in nomination for governor again, and there should be no other candidate but him and a federalist, they will in that case vote for the rev. Absalom Jones, the black parson, because they say Simon's heart is blacker than Mr. Jones' skin, and that they would rather have a governor with a black skin than one with a black heart.

A citizen went to lawyer Notquiteblack a few days ago to get him to do some business, and after stating his case, asked him what fee he must give him——the answer was 'ten dollars'——the client told him he had nothing less about him than a twenty dollar bank note, which he would give to him and he could give him back the change. Notquiteblack took the note, but refused to give any change, saying, 'it was a general maxim with the profession never to give change.' The client was not well pleased, but having put his hand into the lion's mouth, he could not get it out again.

'Old ocean sooner shall disgorge,
'And vomit up the royal George,
'Than he his pocket reimburse,
'By diving in his lawyers purse.'

Pleader's Guide.

If lawyer Notquiteblack and a certain client of his, who lives within a thousand miles of the college yard, wish to avoid detection, they had better suffer certain transactions of their's to be buried in oblivion, and not wantonly expose their own crimes to public view.

FOR THE TICKLER.

UNCLE CORNEY.

NO. IV.

My uncle Corney had a dog, of whom he was so very fond, that no pains were spared to give him a comfortable and easy life. The faithful dog returned the kindness of his master with every attention becoming a dog; and indeed, so fond were they of each other, that wherever the dog was seen, there also was his master. This dog of my uncle Corney's was of the mastiff breed and very docile & active for his age, being then in his twentieth year—a time when most animals who decline at that period, become crabed, fretful & lazy; but Bull, for that was his name, was a very clever good natured dog, never known to injure strange dogs or persons, but would quietly lie at the kitchen door, or follow my uncle through the streets, seldom, if ever stopping with any of the dogs he would meet.

Bull was one day lying at the door with his eyes closed; his two fore paws stretched forward under his ears, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by the appearance & furious snarling of an overgrown mongrel. Bull, however, lost no time in paying his customary compliment, by performing a ceremony in which most dogs are celebrated, but was received in a very undog like manner by the other, who, with open mouth saluted one of his ears with a violent snap. Such foul conduct roused Bull's resentment, and he repaid his antagonist with interest.

Affairs had now got to a very high pitch. Tam ran out followed by my uncle Corney, and at almost the same time, the owner of the aggressing dog came up—this was old Konckle, a Dutchman, & withal a violent democrat. The aversion of the masters was no less than their dogs, and each seemed to rejoice in the opportunity afforded to give scope to their invectives. Pull him—pull him, cried old Konckle. Hiss-s-s—seize him——seize him, vociferated my uncle Corney. Beat him—beat him, bawled old Konckle again. That's he, huzza! resumed my uncle Corney. Clench him, continued my uncle, while Tam stood ready with the broom handle to defend his favorite. Thus things proceeded——the dogs fought bravely. Simon, that was the name of Konckle's dog, sometimes threw Bull, and Bull sometimes threw Simon. At length they became weary, they tugged at each other, then let go——rested——then to it again they went, and what with the dust raised by the assailants, the anxiety hope and fear of the masters, together with their bawling out their respective encouragments, they were so sweaty, dusty and weary, that by the living jingo as saith Crum creek, one would hardly know them. Simon at length gave way,—Bull held the last tug, and was declared the victor. Uncle Corney was in extacies, he jumped about, patted his dog on the head, and then as if elated with the success of the adventure and had consequently acquired a superiority of rank, shook his fist at the Dutchman, and bid him be off.

The dutchman not being inclined to hazard a personal contest, obeyed his feelings and the commands of my uncle Corney, by speedily decamping from the field of battle.

This affair had, however, like to have cost my uncle a long indisposition. His extraordinary exertions threw him into a fever; he became quite delirous.—While in this situation, he would repeat all that passed on the field of battle. The doctor was called in, he was about administering a c——r. Uncle Corney raved—called on his dog——d——d the old democrat and his dog, to the great mortification of the doctor——with seize him Bull, seize him. Bull, whose ears heard the sound of my uncle's voice, sprang into the room, ran between the legs of the doctor, threw him on the floor, emptied the *operator* of its contents, to the eternal disgrace of silk stockings, jumped on the bed & laid himself by my uncle.

Just at that moment Tam entered with a glass of water; seeing the doctor at full length on the floor, apparently in a fainting fit, a momentary thought impelled him; he throws the water at the doctor's head, where a large powdered wig received it in toto; from whence the light dust rose in a thick cloud of confusion.

Zounds! cried the doctor, rising from his fall, with his wig lop sided & every curl expelled, that once so gracefully sat upon his brow, I never saw such work in my life, said the doctor; only look here—now—these stockings, here, see, blast it! I wont stay a moment longer, continued the doctor; the old federal scoundrel may get whom he can; but I'll, adjusting his neckcloth, I'll be d——d if——ha! you old codger——addressing my uncle Corney——dare you look at me? My uncle Corney had just then turned on his side & having recovered from the delirium——found his dog in bed——and doctor L—— in the room——he felt very angry, and supposing it an affront of the doctor's—he began to talk rather seriously of the impropriety of such conduct——faith, said he, I think it very presumptive; in fact impertinent, nay wick—— he could say no more ——the doctor grew outrageous——he pointed to his stockings——his neckcloth——he held up his wig——then in a rage, he sprang at the dog, who seeing himself so warmly attacked, and probably stimulated by his late success, closed in with the assailant——and but for Tam's timely interference, I question whether——but ——————very much ——————and——————entirely——————nothing at all.

Tam liberated the doctor and informed my uncle Corney of the whole affair——at which my uncle was pleased——nay he laughed heartily——Doctor, I thank you——the doctor looked vexed——I thank you for your prompt attention——I hope the c——r will have no bad effect——the doctor bit his lips——he looked about for his hat——my uncle Corney did not notice it—perhaps a vertigo may ensue——but as you are well acquainted with that disorder, both politically and morally, I do not presume any——D——n it, said the doctor, give me my hat——Tam looked round the room, but found it in a very snug birth under the bed——my uncle Corney laughed——Tam sniggered——but the doctor swore by every *certificate* he loved, that he would be revenged——then leaving the room with an oath, he left my uncle to enjoy the merriment.

My uncle, though he disliked the doctor, and had he been consulted, would not have admitted him——yet as the thing went, he did not regret the step taken. He however, kept it a profound secret——had it not been for the garrulity of Tam, this adventure would doubtless have been buried in oblivion——Tam told it as a secret to one, who repeated it as a secret——and thus in the course of a few days, the whole affair was as well known as though done in public. The gentlemen would talk of it bluntly——but the modest ladies could go no further than just——did your hear of that mortifying circumstance to doctor L—— O yes, with a general giggle—It must indeed be a source of great regret—why I don't know—some say that it is of no consequence——well but every bit——sure——but then you know if there was noth—— But I'm told that——————but heaven——and if——————notwithstanding.

AN ELEGY

For that son of Vulcan, colonel NIC. LLOYD, who never he foppa off the hooks.

With the nerves of a Sampson this son of the sledge,
By the anvil his livelihood got;
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge,
And struck—while the iron was hot.

By *forging* he liv'd, but never was tried,
Or condemn'd by the laws of the land,
Yet still it is certain, and can't be denied,
He often was *burnt in the hand.*

With the sons of St. Crispin no kin? if he claim'd,
With the *last* he had nothing to do;
He handled no *awl*, and yet in his time
Made many an excellent *shoe*.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
His bellows was always in blast;
And I must acknowledge, deny it who will,
That one *vice*, and but one he possessed.

No actor was he, or concerned with the stage,
No audience to awe him appear'd;
Yet oft in his shop, like a croud in a rage,
The voice of a *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steeling* of axes was part of his cares,
In thieving he never was found;
And tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas and alack! and what more can I say,
Of Vulcan's unfortunate son?
The priest and the sexton have borne him away,
And the sound of his hammer is done!

For the TICKLER.

The Biter Bitten.

A knight of the thimble, that does not live a mile from the corner of Water and Chesnut-street, who has by *hook* or by *crook*, or perhaps both, accumulated a little money, and lately taken up the trade of shaving, bought a few days since from another noble knight, a bill of twenty dollars, for the enormous sum of five dollars; immediately after, the person who the bill was against, called in to get a check of twenty dollars changed——snip thinking this a fair chance of being paid his bill, told the man he was much obliged to him, that that was just what he owed him, and offered to give him a receipt, he however, after some entreaty, returned the man 15 dollars, who went immediately, had the check stopped, and hopped off to New-York, leaving the honorable knight to reflect that he is not always *wright*, any more than the ex-governor of Maryland. EHCAB.

Bob Taylor, the Chesnut-street wood-corder, and *another* negro, recently entered into 'the unprofitable conflict of which could do the other the most harm.' In the heat and hurry of the fight, the spectators were totally unable to decide which was the *greatest* negro. The black negro, however, proved to be 'the best man of the two.'

FOR THE TICKLER.

When the venerable Edward Shippen, late chief justice of Pennsylvania, with the present judge Yeates, and the late judge Smith, were on their trial before the senate of the state, on an impeachment by a democratic house of representatives, in 1805, the now secretary *Billew*, then a leading jacobin member of that house, interlarded his malevolent harangue against those gentlemen with copious quotations from Tucker's Blackstone. 'I read this book,' said *Monsieur Boileau*, 'because it conveys *my sentiments*, and is the production of a man of information and eminence——when *his* principles coincide with *my own*, I wish to give him as *my authority*.' Well said *Mister Billew*, at it again then *citoyen*, and let us apply your own quotations to *Simon's* administration, under which you have the *honor* to act a *conspicuous* part among the redoutable *dramatis personæ*, in the political farce now playing on the theatre of Pennsylvania, under the management of its *Simon Magus*, our great *conjurer*.

'One of the principal objects of the revolution, was to establish a *government of laws*, and not of *men*,' says judge Tucker, 'but in vain have our fathers and brothers bled, if *we* depart from those very laws—if we establish a government of men, and not of laws, we found a system of *tyranny* and *oppression*, of the most odious description.'

What say you to this, Mr. Secretary? did you then know that you were, in a few succeeding years, to be made a component part of an administration of *men*? Did you then expect to become the head of a most *blundering* and *contemptible* administration, founded on men, and not on measures? Did you then suppose you were promulgating the principles of judge Tucker, which were to apply exclusively to Simon, Bright's commander in chief? bravo! bravo! Mons. Boileau.

At Simon's administration again, doctor——'*Tempora mutantur*,' you observed, '*et nos mutamur cum illis*. Yes, thou political quack—thou governmental disseminator of jacobinic nostrums! 'the times are' indeed, 'changed,' and you may now, with great truth exclaim, 'and *WE* are changed with them.' Nothing is more palpably certain, at the present day, especially as it applies to yourself and your coadjutors: No quiz, at all; but perfectly true——you are now the '*whigs*' *in office*.'

'Ye whigs attend! and hear affrighted,
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted:
The sins and follies past all compass,
That prove you guilty, or *non comtos*.'

M'FINGAL.

'The Columbian Detector,'

An errant lying little French tory print, lately published at Boston, has descended to the tomb of the Capulets. The demise of this paper will be severely felt by the sage BILLY DICKSON of Lancaster; the equally sagacious *Jakey D.* (probably for DIRTY) *Dietrick*, of Staunton, Virginia, and the rest of the minor fry of stupid democratic editors, who could weekly cull a column or two of precious paragraphs from the Detector. We advise those gentry, in case they should ever be at a stand for a lie, to resort to Binns' Democratic Press.

Public Baths.

During the late session of Congress, the bill to appropriate certain public ground in the city of Washington, for the erection of public *baths*, was read a third time in the Senate, when a motion was made to postpone the said bill, until the first Monday in December ——the yeas & nays were taken on the motion for postponement, and among those in the *negative* we find LEIB. The certificate monger was very correct, in favoring an establishment which he hoped would prove efficacious towards his moral purification.

From the Boston Mirror.

Love——Melancholy.

The symptoms of this disease are various—it is first taken at the eyes, then, like an electric shock reaches the heart—this like tinder first caught by a small spark is soon involved in a flame. The lover finds himself quite another man—a revolution takes place in his mind, and instead of his former gaiety and happiness, it is filled with hopes and fears, doubts, perplexities, sadness and melancholy—he can enjoy no other company but his Helena, Venus, or call her what you will—is unhappy, peevish, and restless without her—frequently sighs, sleep forsakes his eyelids and when a gentle slumber takes pity on him he dreams of nought but her: he is unfit for business, a torment to himself and a fool to those around him.

If he is received with favour he is outrageously joyful, raised to heaven, none so happy as he but if she slights, and utterly rejects his suit, his air built castle is overturned from its base and he at once cast down to hell: jealousy, fury, madness, succeed each other—despair brings up the rear: then he often thinks of hanging, drowning, cold lead, &c. swears eternal hatred to all the sex, thinks himself doomed by fate to misfortune, and wed to melancholy. In fact a lover is a fool, a madman, an ass.

Love is a tormentor, a plague, a devil----worse than the toothache, gout, rheumatism or drybellyache. I now would give some advice to young men: If you have not already this disease keep clear of it; turn away from a beautiful woman, for it is better to behold a serpent: but if you have this disorder, this hell, then, try absence: travel, seek variety, use exercise and business, be sociable, mix with the world and drink a draught of oblivion: but see her not again if you meet her, turn away your eyes; if you do not, like fuel partly burnt, 'twill kindle quicker than before, and you will again be the slave of an imperious despot.

If neither time nor absence will effect a cure, then, try an halter.

P. S. If the fair sex should be displeased with the above, by substituting *she* for *he*, and *her* for *him*, it will answer their purpose equally as well.

ISÆUS.

Doctor Frick, once more.

This understrapper, or rather shoe-black of the Maidstone scape-gallows, Binns, took our recent notice of his virtue *and* talent *vastly in dudgeon, and charged a young man, with whom we never have conversed, with either writing or furnishing us the information respecting the reception his* DOCTORSHIP *met from two young ladies. We advise the* doctor *to keep himself cool, and reflect upon the adage of the monkey mounting the ladder.*

Even the contemptible beardless lawyer Tittyboy disclaims sociability with doctor *Frick. Tittyboy says, with a sneer bordering on the contemptuous,* '*my acquaintance is with* mister *Binns—not with* HIS *clerks.*

If Frick is attached to duelling, let him but challenge bully Jones, the taylor, and he will probably gratify him—after he has made his will.

It has been confidently asserted, that honest Mat is writing a treatise on the duties of a supercargo towards his owners, respectfully dedicated to the commissioners of bankruptcy.

A SOLID SALUTE.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 27th ult. *lieutenant* George Rutter, constable, arrested a sailor who had shipped in a vessel, received his advance money, and afterwards either neglected or refused to go on board. After George had Jack *in tow*, he took boat at one of the ferries, in order to convey the man on board his ship which lay down in the cove. On *lieutenant* Rutter's passing the U. S. sloop of war Wasp, he was *saluted* with two shots from muskets; but from a *whizzing* in the air, which George heard, or fancied that he heard, he was led to *suspect* that the salute had too much solidity in it, to be deemed a mere *empty* compliment. We, however, feel great satisfaction in announcing that society sustained no loss by this odd mode of saluting a *gentleman*. Lieutenant Rutter, on the next day, accompanied by a friend, waited on the officer commanding at the marine barracks, who, we are sorry to state, did not feel himself authorised to give that 'indemnity for the past, and security for the future,' which lieutenant Rutter so very properly required; and we have just heard that he intends addressing the secretary of the navy on the subject.

Bob Taylor played another prank on Friday last. Bob's daddy agreed with the skipper of a wood-shallop for the price of a certain quantity of wood, made up of an admixture of barren and common oak. Men were employed to land the wood, who were ordered by Bob to throw out none but barren oak—this they refused to do, unless they were authorised by the skipper, who had left the wharf on an errand——Bob told them, that if they did not comply he would mark them, or fix them, probably meaning that he would prevent their being employed to unload wood in future. How long are our citizens to be pestered with the pranks of this *nuisance* in the shape of a wood-corder?

John Adams & Son.

The late president Adams & Son, are becoming great favorites. These men, who so lately were plotting to destroy the liberties of the country, according to the democrats, and who were aiming, according to their repeated declarations, to establish their family as the royal family of the United States, together with the presbyterian religion as the established religion of the country, are now all at once become very good men——nay, not only now, but *ever have been*—and the democrats, in order to set off these new favorites to more advantage, go back, and virtually acknowledge that all their former charges against them were wicked and abominable falsehoods. What a figure they now cut in extolling to the skies that man they so recently declared to be 'the scorn, the out-cast of America—an execrable wretch & a hoary-headed incendiary.'

Trenton Fed.

Godwin speaking of the corruptions of the British government, particularly in their appointments to office, says:

'We act like the chemist, who should reject the finest ore and employ none but what was sufficiently debased to fit it immediately for the vilest uses.'

A genuine description of the conduct of Simon Snyder and his privy counsellors.

FOR THE TICKLER.

When I to Chloe first did swear,
I'd never love another fair,
She smiling said with jocund air,
She did not know nor did she care.

At length by all the powers I swore,
I'd love her tenderly no more:
She chang'd her note and fondly cried,
'Twas all a joke——she'd be my bride.

If Simon Snyder had continued in the humble sphere in which he was born, and for which he was intended by mother nature, he might have passed off the stage without notice, and without that load of obloquy which his silly ambition and imbecile vanity has brought upon him. He was not contented with being a mere mechanic, nor even with being a member of assembly and speaker of the house of representatives, but he must be a governor. He succeeded: but, in an administration of 7 months, he has given the people such a loathsome surfeit of the folly and want of ability which has characterised his official conduct, that if they had it in their power tomorrow, they would elect him out by a majority twice as large as that by which he was elected in. If he were to attempt to stand as a candidate at the next election, he could not command two thousand votes in the whole state; after that period he must sink not only into an obscurity lower than that from which he has risen, but at the same time be covered with disgrace, and for the remainder of his life, be literally

'Damn'd to everlasting fame,
Just so the chap who is too handy
To help himself to wine and brandy:
At first gets higher, then gets lower,
Then tumbles dead drunk on the floor.'

[FESSENDEN.

Rumour.

It has lately been rumoured, that the notoriously infamous lawyer Notquiteblack has been appointed a deputy by the Attorney General. For the small yet remaining quantum of honour of Pennsylvania, and the credit of the Attorney General, we hope the report is without foundation. What! shall a fellow, who has long merited to be engaged at sawing stone, act as the prosecutor of villians far less criminal than himself?

A PILL

For GOVERNOR SIMON,

From a new work of great merit, lately published in this city, entitled

PILLS,

Poetical, Political, and Philosophical.

By PETER PEPPER-BOX.

Poet and Physician.

....

It was a moon-engendered mania
Caus'd our good folks in Pennsylvania
To set a man up in the trade
Of governor, whom nature made,
And qualified by mental rigging
For nothing higher than ditch-digging;
But who by dint of education,
Had risen to a tanner's station.
Which honest calling and condition
Ought to have bounded his ambition:
Instead of which, in spite of nature,
He must become a legislator,
Because for liberty a stickler,
And go to school to Mister '*Tickler*,'
Who strove in vain, he says, to hammer
Within his sconce a little grammar,
Just to enable him to tether
Two English sentences together.
If half is true which has been said,
His heart is well match'd with his head.
The man besure could break no bones
By merely '*popping cherry stones*.'
Besides employment of that kind
Displays a mammoth of a mind.
But some less warrantable capers,
Defaming money, stealing papers,
Would should his excellency rates
With doctor squibs *certificates*.
But let us grant, 'tis all we can,
Sir Simon is an honest man,
Decent enough, in some respects,
But *so so*, as to intellects,
He is not fit at any rate
To govern this important state.
A man is scarce allowed to botch
A pair of shoes, or mend a watch,
Unless it properly appears
That he had serv'd a term of years.
Yet any booby in creation,
Devoid of wit and education,
May claim the privilege to disgrace
A president or governor's place,
And lead a nation by the nose,
Though scarcely fit to cry old clothes.
My dear good Pennsylvania folks,
Though I don't oft the people coax,
I now must beg your pardon for
Tittering about your *governor*.
Your conduct when I find a flaw in,
Which calls for Satire's clapper-clawing.
Consider it. I beg you would,
Intended truly for your good,
Consider, since I love you dearly,
My hardest strokes are love steps merely.
Thus oftentimes a father mild
Applies the birch to save the child,
And oftentimes true love appears
By Daphne's boxing Damon's ears.
What though I cannot take delight
In honouring your favorite,
One argument, I must confess,
Has had with me so great a stress,
I scarce withhold my approbation
Of Simon's elevation,
That though your man may prove a noddy,
The head should represent the body.
You thus exhibit your democracy
Without the vizor of hypocrisy:
To choose an oaf to head your party
Is coming forward frank and hearty,
To give the world to understand
From this your specimen on hand,
Suppos'd of course to be the best
The quality of all the rest.

While on the subject of apologies,
In order to avoid tautologies,
We'll tell a simple story that's
In point for Snyder democrats,
And may persuade them not t'abuse
Their friend the poet, nor his muse.

In ancient times, as Moses writes,
Some jacobinic Israelites
Made them an idol *calf* of gold,
And worshipp'd it like sinners hold,
A nobler idol that, by half,
Than a mere *wooden-headed calf*;
White is the idol that invites
The homage of your *Snyderites*.
But when the Hebrew seer found out
The wickedness they'd been about,
He first to powder ground their trinket,
Then, steep'd in water, made them drink it.

This great example we may quote
For cramming Snyder down your throat:
Make ugly faces if you will
At gulphing such a bitter pill,
You know it is the doctor's place
To say what's proper for your case,
And you must swallow it be sure,
Or who can answer for your cure.

Grand acquisition to the Professors of Law.

Will soon go to the '*Press*,' and shortly after be published, for the benefit of the writer, a '*New system of Common Law, in Cochranean poetry*,' carefully adapted to the *circumstances of quadroonism and actual settlement principles* in Pennsylvania, by the august *Johnny Cochrane*, Esq. L.M.D.M.S.P.R.H.N.O. &c. &c. and fellow of the Frenchified quadroon *divan*, &c. &c. of Lancaster, member of the *legion of honor*, lord keeper of the great seal, *spinning wheel and loom*, professor of the *dead* languages and *Bull*-letters to his 'tannic majesty, knight of the most honorable order of the *yellow flag*, and practitioner of the *occult arts*, &c. &c. &c. &c.

To which will be subjoined, a large appendix of annotations on the art of surveying *town lots*, *Eriefied* and *Kelsoed*, *double tolls*, &c. according to the order of jacobinism, in modern poetry in the order of *toasts*, by the laureat of the lake.

Will also be added to this invaluable work, the biographical letters of Patrick Farrily, Esq. written a few years ago at Meadville, on the life and character of the learned professor and poet.

[Price 2 cents bound in *calf*.]

MY BREAKFAST,

BY JOE GRAY AND R. T. RAWLE.

'Good Cook, all ceremony wave,
And, ere I'm famish'd, let me have
What 'love all other things I crave,
My Breakfast.

'Two dozen eggs, and six smoak'd fish,
Of butter'd bread, a moderate dish,
And some coffee, 'tis all I wish
For Breakfast.

'Since I'm so moderate then, make haste,
Else, honest Cook, you'll be disgrac'd,
For really, I long to taste
My Breakfast.

'Consider, Cook, a day and night,
Have pass'd since I, (half famish'd wight!)
Have eat, sole source of true delight!
My Breakfast.

'Tis ready, say you, joyous news!
Your pardon then, my gentle muse,
Spite of your charms, I can't but choose
My Breakfast.

From the Boston Mirror.

HESIOD'S SILVER AGE.

SAPPHICS.

Next from Olympus runs a race of silver
Men, much below, in ev'ry thing, the former:
Ne'er to the golden they made the least advances—
No, nor pretend to.

Ten years they square now under mother's elbow,
Till the big babies then are turn'd to hoddies—
'Tis but a moment then they have to pluck the
Fruits of their folly.

This cares for no one, and that bites the backs of
Others, and refuse to furnish altars—
Now this was ugly——Jove he ran away then
Downright affronted.

HIS DIVINE AGE.

Sesquipedalia.

Now when this warring, wrangling race had sunk into the clods.
Then love he sent some heroes stout, and call'd them Demigods.
Yet evermore these men would hunt for war! and still grew worse
And worse, till some, at Thebes, for the effects of Oedipus
Did fight and die; while some way off to Troy did have their share
To fall, alas! for that proud Nel, so fam'd for curly hair.
And so at last they all were dead:—and then full many miles
Out sight of men, Jove pack'd them off to the Canary Isles.
And there they liv'd all in good ease, and eke, a goodly fare,
Did all on fruit subsist, which thrice the earth a year did bear.

WILL-WITH-A-WISP.

A raw apprentice in a dry-goods shop, being asked by a lady to show her some silk *hose*, who enquired how high they came, (meaning the price) very simply and seriously answered, that he had never tried them on, but believed they would reach *above the knee*.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be cited in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

Education.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, and his friends in particular, that he has opened a

Boarding School,

OPPOSITE THE TWO MILE STONE, ON THE RIDGE ROAD,

WHERE IS TAUGHT,

Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, mathematics, &c. and solicits the encouragement of a generous public, which he will endeavour to merit by his attention.

J. Rolph.

Terms of boarding and tuition, 100 dollars per annum, payable quarterly.

June 28.

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 2d street.

B. Roberts.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Published every Wednesday morning

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 122, south Front-street.